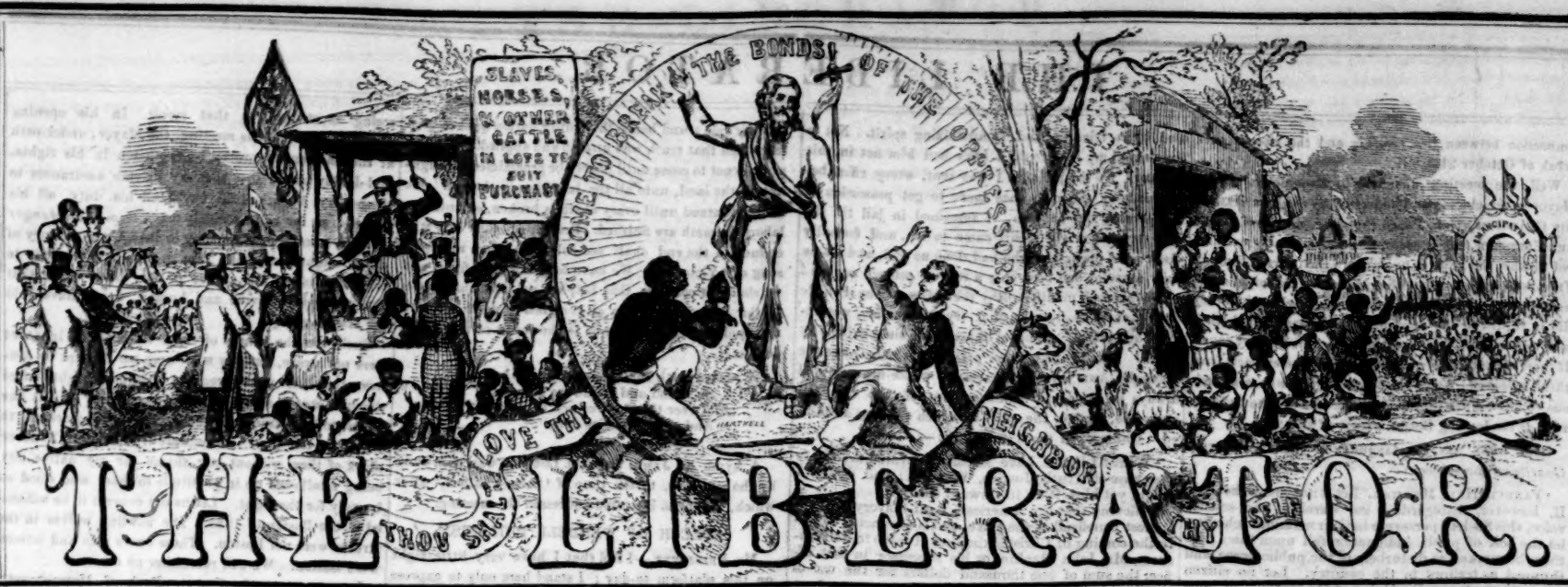


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AT THE
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The Agents of the American, Massachusetts,
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thorized to receive subscriptions for the Liberator.
The following gentlemen constitute the Financial
Committee, but are not responsible for any of the debts
of the paper, viz:—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS GRAY
LOUIS, EDWARD QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, and
WILLIAM PHILLIPS.
For the columns of THE LIBERATOR, both sides of
every question are impartially allowed a hearing.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.
VOL. XXV. NO. 44.



No Union with Slaveholders!
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.
"Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding
lords of the South, as a condition of their
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to
secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their
slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,
of preserving the African slave trade; the second was
the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an
engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God,
delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal
to the principles of popular representation, of a repre-
sentation for slaves—of articles of merchandise, under
the name of persons. . . . To call government thus con-
stituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of
mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of
riches and slavery. Its repeal operation upon the
government of the nation is to establish an artificial
majority in the slave representation over that of the
free people, in the American Congress; and, THEREBY
TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETU-
ATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ASSIMILATING SPIRIT
OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT."—John Quincy Adams.
J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

THE BOSTON MOB OF FIVE THOUSAND
GENTLEMEN OF PROPERTY AND
STANDING, OCT. 21, 1835.
In accordance with a call issued by a Committee of
Arrangements, the Anti-Slavery friends in Boston and
vicinity assembled at Stacy Hall, 46 Washington street,
Canton's Block, (the identical spot which was the
scene of the memorable outbreak of 1835, on Sun-
day, the 21st October, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The weather
was exceedingly unpropitious, but the hall was filled to
its utmost capacity, and the ante-rooms leading to it
were crowded with eager and interested listeners. Sel-
dom is it the privilege and blessing of any man to look
upon such a concourse of noble men and devoted, self-
denying women; and the spectacle, with the solemn
and deeply interesting proceedings of the occasion, will
not, we have faith to believe, be without an abiding and
beneficial influence upon the hearts of all present.
At about half-past two o'clock, the meeting was called
to order by Mr. WM. LLOYD GARRISON, who said—
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—It is a stormy day to-day,
and it was a very stormy day twenty years ago to-day.
The storm of to-day is of the Lord—it is still; the storm
twenty years ago was of the Adversary—it is still.
I think, if I were to take your suffrages as to the man
who of all others ought to preside—to have the honor,
allow me to say, to preside—on this occasion, you would
all agree that it is the man who, after the Female Anti-
Slavery Society was driven from this place, offered them
the use of his house, at the risk of having it pulled down
over his head. I allude to our friend FRANCIS JACKSON.
He still lives, and long may he live; and I propose
that he preside on this occasion. Those who are in favor
of the proposition will manifest it.
The motion of Mr. JACKSON was carried by a unanim-
ous vote, and Mr. JACKSON came forward and took the
Chair. He said—
FRIENDS.—I am glad to meet you at the old home-
stead. It was here that one of the milestones of the
Anti-Slavery movement was erected, and a very impor-
tant one it is. It marks the progress of the Anti-
Slavery movement; it also marks a most disgraceful
act in the history of Boston.
Twenty years ago to-day, I succeeded this night of
stars amidst riotous men, who came to break up an
Anti-Slavery meeting, and insult the ladies who held it.
That most disgraceful mob effected its object, with the
assistance of the Mayor of the city, and the Anti-Slavery
ladies were compelled to leave their own hall, and pass
out through a long lane of ruffians dressed in broad-
cloth, and they were reviled and insulted as they passed
along.
After this gallant achievement of the mob of 'gentle-
men of property and standing,' they made an onset
upon the sign-board of the Anti-Slavery office, and soon
it was down, and threw it upon the pavement. The
mob moved and stamped upon it like wild beasts, and
soon broke it in pieces.
The most prominent person who was engaged in tear-
ing down the sign was a well-known merchant, who
then kept a store on Central Wharf.
Now some words with several persons well known to
me, relative to the disgraceful transactions going on
before us. I expressed to them my abhorrence at such
outrageous conduct; but I was met by a shake of the
head. They said that the abolitionists had outraged
public opinion long enough; they did not approve of
mob, but, then, the abolitionists deserved to be re-
buked.
The principal triumphs of the mob were the breaking
up of the Anti-Slavery meeting and the dispersion of
the ladies; the destruction of the sign-board, and the
capture of the Editor of THE LIBERATOR. No ropes were
used about the ladies or the sign-board. Not so with
friend Garrison; he was too dangerous a man to go un-
roped and unmanacled. The prison was thought to be
the fittest place for him, and he was locked up in
Levent Street jail. He will, however, make his own
statement of what befell him.
The outrageous conduct of the mob being upheld by
public sentiment, the shopkeepers in the lower part of
the building became much alarmed for the safety of
their goods, and were very desirous to have the Anti-
Slavery office removed from the building. The Society
was in debt, their office rent over due, and they feared
they might be ejected by their landlord, as summarily
as the ladies were by the mob. They therefore mustered
gold enough to make a legal tender for their own due
rent, and thus put themselves legally, as they always
have been morally, right.
I will not, however, occupy your time with these
small details. There are other friends present who will
interest you more than I can. I see many of the mem-
bers of the Female Anti-Slavery Society here, and I
should be glad to hear from them, as I saw how they
were insulted that day. I would therefore invite them
to speak, if it is only a few words; it would be very
gratifying to hear from them.
Mr. GARRISON.—The President of the Female Anti-
Slavery Society, Miss MARY PARKER, has long since
gone to her heavenly home. She it was who prayed, in a
clear and unfeigned voice, thanking God, that while there
was any to molest, there were none to make afraid. One
of the Vice Presidents of the Society, Mrs. THANKFUL
BUTTERWORTH, one of the earliest and most faithful friends
we have had in the cause, is present with us, and I hope
she will take a seat on the platform.
Mrs. BUTTERWORTH rose, and said, with deep emotion,
and weeping how low are left, that I would rather not
be in a very solemn and affecting occasion, to
meet the few who yet remain with us.
At the earnest request of several friends, however,
Mrs. BUTTERWORTH consented to come forward, and take a
seat on the platform; as did also Miss HENRIETTA SAR-
CEN, another long-trial and most devoted friend of the
cause.
The following appropriate portion of the Scriptures
was then read by Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr.:—
[SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.]
If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,
now may we be laid; if it had not been the Lord who
was on our side, when men rose up against us; when
they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath

was kindled against us: then the waters had over-
whelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul.
Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey
to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the
snare of the fowling: the snare is broken, and we are
escaped.
O bless our Lord, ye people, and make the voice of
his praise to be heard; which holdeth our soul in life,
and suffereth not our feet to be moved. For thou, O
God, hast proved us: and thou hast tried us, as silver
is tried. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads;
we went through fire and through water; but thou
broughtest us out into a wealthy place.
Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord
delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his
bones: not one of them is broken. Evil shall slay
the wicked; and they that hate the righteous shall be
desolate. The Lord redeemeth the soul of his ser-
vants; and none of them shall trust in him shall be
desolate.
The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a re-
fuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy
name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast
not forsaken them that seek thee.
When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remem-
bereth them; he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.
Unless the Lord been my help, my soul had al-
most dwelt in silence.
Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with
thee, which frameth mischief by a law? They gather
themselves together against the soul of the righteous,
and condemn the innocent blood. But the Lord is
my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge;
and he shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and
shall break them down from their own wickedness.
Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the
upright in heart.
God is our refuge and strength, a very present help
in trouble: therefore will not we fear, though the
earth be removed, and though the mountains be
carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters
thereof roar, and be troubled, though the mountains
shake with the swelling thereof.
Not put your trust in princes, nor in the son of man,
in whom there is no help. Happy is he whose hope is
in the Lord his God, which executeth judgment for
the oppressed, and giveth food to the hungry. The
Lord loosed the prisoners; the Lord openeth the eyes
of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed
down; he releaseth the fatherless and the widow; and
the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.
A fervent prayer was then offered by Rev. JAMES
FREEMAN CLARKE; after which the following hymn,
by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, was read by Mr. GAR-
RISON, and a portion of it sung by the audience:—
Now, joy and thanks forevermore!
When, faint with watching, few and worn,
The slumbers of the North are o'er,
The giant stands erect at last!
More than we hoped in that dark time,
When, faint with watching, few and worn,
We saw no welcome day-star climb
The cold, gray pathway of the morn!
Oh, weary hours! oh, night of years!
When, faint with watching, few and worn,
We saw no welcome day-star climb
The cold, gray pathway of the morn!
How cheered the scolding crowd behind,
How mocked the scoffers and the wind,
As, one by one, the true and kind
Fell fainting in our path of pain!
They died, their brave hearts breaking slow,
But, self-forgetful to the last,
In words of cheer and balm and glow,
Their breath upon the darkness passed.
A mighty host on either hand,
Till waiting for the dawn of day,
To crush like reeds our feeble band—
The morn has come—and, where are they?
Troop after troop its lines forsakes,
With peace-waves banners waving free,
And from our own glad shout breaks,
Of "Freedom and Fraternity!"
Like mist before the growing light,
The hostile cohorts melt away;
Hurrah!—our foremost to the light
Are brothers at the dawn of day!
As, unto these repentant ones,
We open wide our toil-worn ranks,
Along our own glad shout runs,
Of song and praise and grateful thanks.
Sound for the onset! blast on blast!
Till Slavery's minions cower and quail!
One charge of fire shall drive them fast,
Like chaff before our Northern gale!
O, prisoners in your house of pain,
Dumb, toiling millions, bound and sold!
Look, stretched in Southern lands and plain,
The Lord's delivering hand behold!
Above the traitor's pride of power,
His iron gates and guarded wall,
The bolts which shattered Shalim's tower
Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall!
Awake! awake! my Father-land,
It is thy Northern light that shines!
This stirring march of Freedom's band,
The storm-song of thy mountain plains!
Wake, dwellers where the day expires!
Your winds that stir the mighty lake,
And fan your prairies' roiling fires,
They're Freedom's signals!—wake!—wake!
Mr. GARRISON then addressed the audience, as fol-
lows:—
SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.
MR. PRESIDENT.—I know of no language more ap-
propriate to this occasion than that which was uttered
by the Apostle eighteen centuries ago—"Having obtained
of help of God, we continue unto this day."
I need not say to any one in this Hall, this afternoon,
what it is that has brought us together. Twenty years
ago, to-day, this street was crowded with men inflamed
to the highest degree of madness, who riotously at-
tempted to break up a meeting of Anti-Slavery women,
assembled within these walls, for the purpose of look-
ing to God for strength to overthrow slavery in our
land. These were the men, many of you know all the
particulars connected with it.
Before reciting those particulars, it may be well
to go behind them, for the event which we are here to
commemorate did not spring out of the ground, or fall
like hail from a clear sky. There had been a cause
for it at work, actively, unceasingly, by day and night,
for a number of years; and in tracing it, we shall be
able more clearly to perceive upon whom rests the re-
sponsibility for the mob violence which raged at
that period like an epidemic, and which brought eter-
nal shame upon the city of Boston.
Let me begin, Mr. Chairman, at the beginning,

with the enunciation of that simple doctrine, which has
shaken this nation like an earthquake, and in which
were wrapped up all the outrage and violence, the per-
secution and ostracism, which have taken place during
the last twenty years,—the necessary consequences of
its application to the consciences and the hearts of a
pro-slavery people. Sir, we should have had no trouble
in this land—no household divisions—no friends turn-
ed into enemies—no mob violence—no bloodshed—no
demanded one thing, if we had not made use of one
shibboleth. If we had spoken of slavery as an evil, a
calamity, a curse to be overthrown at some indefinite
period, we might have spoken in Carolina as easily as
in Massachusetts; we might even have been recog-
nized as good neighbors, excellent citizens, and sound
Christians. But the moment the doctrine of immedi-
ate, unconditional, everlasting emancipation was enun-
ciated, it was as the voice of God sounding in the ear
of this nation, calling upon it at once to repent, to break
every yoke, and let the oppressed go free—it was the
affirmation of the truth, that under no circumstances
could slavery be right for a single moment; that the
slave was a man, and there could be no delay in regard to
his deliverance, without a compromise of justice. It
was the assertion that the black man had a right to be
educated here, to be protected by equal laws, to develop
all his faculties and powers, and to take his position side
by side with his proud, haughty and oppressive white
brother. The nation could not endure a proclamation
of this kind. It was the touchstone whereby all men
were proved. It showed who loved liberty as a prin-
ciple, and who held it merely as a sentiment, a mat-
ter of expediency, to be repudiated or sustained as
occasion might require.
As soon as this doctrine was enunciated, the Slave
Power took cognizance of it. It knew that it was
the beginning of the end. It knew that if the Abolition-
ists could be put down at that time, there was no
hope of ever putting them down, and that their horri-
ble slave system must be destroyed. Hence, throughout
the entire South, the greatest consternation prevailed.
The slaveholders, banding themselves together, began
to offer rewards for the seizure of prominent Abolition-
ists. Threats of personal violence were multiplied on
the right hand and on the left. Every mail brought
letters to me, declaring that I had only so many days
to live—that conspiracies had been formed for the pur-
pose of having me abducted—&c. &c. Sometimes I re-
ceived representations on sheets of paper, showing me
as tarred and feathered, or hung by the neck, or
stuffed to the heart, because of my sympathy for the
oppressed.
The North did not so instantaneously participate in
this feeling of alarm as the South. It was not until
the North began to heave with indignation and fury, as
the South had done in regard to the declaration, that
slavery ought to be immediately and forever abol-
ished. One principle unasked the South, the other the
North; for at the North, the Colonization scheme
hypocritically assumed to be somewhat anti-slavery,
and the people were told,—some were led to believe,—
that, by helping the scheme, they would help abolish
slavery in our land, put a stop to the foreign slave trade,
and civilize and evangelize Africa. A large majority of
the people, however, being infected by the hateful spirit
of colorphobia, naturally rallied around that scheme;
caring little or nothing for its humane and pious pre-
tences,—caring to know but one thing about it, namely,
that its object was "to get rid of the niggers"—to use
our refined and Christian dialect toward that injured
class. They wished them well, hoped they would thrive
well—in Africa; but they could not and would not live
peaceably with them on the American soil. With op-
position to this proscription began the most enven-
omed hostility to the Anti-Slavery cause. The mob-
ocratic spirit ran like wild-fire, North and South. It
was impossible to hold Anti-Slavery meetings any where,
without danger of personal outrage, often at the peril
of life. Men calling themselves respectable, and es-
teemed,—occupying high and responsible stations, and
reputably intelligent, virtuous, and patriotic,—were car-
ried away by the madness of the hour,—which indeed
has proved to be not merely the madness of the hour,
but of days, and months, and years.
At that troublous period, every attempt to elevate the
colored man in this country was assailed in the most
barbarous manner. When, for instance, Miss PRESTON
CRANFORD, a noble Christian lady in Canterbury, Con-
necticut, had been teaching a school of white young ladies
at that village,—feeling her soul baptized into the spirit of
deepest sympathy with the oppressed,—made up her
mind that she would educate colored young ladies, in-
stead of white, all Canterbury, the region round about,
the whole State of Connecticut, combined to crush her.
She was denounced by every hateful epithet; though
up to that hour, she had been greatly esteemed and ad-
mired as a teacher. Among other outrages committed
to drive her from the place, the well near her house had
a large quantity of filth thrown into it, so that the fam-
ily should have no water to drink. An agreement was
made by the rulers of the village, that they would not
sell her any thing, even to eat; and she actually had to
send to other towns to procure food to keep her family
from starvation. Her house was assailed, and bricks,
bats, rotten eggs, and other missiles, were dashed
through her windows; and finally, it was set on fire, to
burn it down over the heads of the teacher and the
taught.
At that eventful period, in the spring of 1833, I was
induced to undertake a mission to England, at the re-
quest of my Anti-Slavery coadjutors, (a small band in-
deed,) partly to undeviate WILKESBOROUGH and CLARKSON,
and other eminent philanthropists in that country, in re-
gard to the real character, design and tendency of the
American Colonization Society; and partly to solicit
aid to establish a Manual Labor School in New England
for the education of colored youth. In order to frustrate
this mission, several leading men of Canterbury got
out a writ against me, on the charge of libel, in conse-
quence of certain strictures in THE LIBERATOR, concern-
ing their infamous treatment of Miss CRANFORD. Prior
to sailing from New York, I was watched and hunted,
day after day, in that city, in order that the writ might
be served upon me; but my old friend, ARTHUR TAP-
PAN, took me up into an upper chamber in the house of
a friend, where I was safely kept, under lock and key,
until the vessel sailed which conveyed me to England.
Another manifestation of the Colonization spirit was

made, not long afterward, in the town of Canaan, New
Hampshire, when an effort was made to establish a
school in that place, for the purpose of educating col-
ored children. Though the name of the town was Canaan,
it was any thing but the land of Canaan to those who
went there to be taught. Again there was a mobocratic
outbreak to break up the school. At last, a team of one
hundred yoke of oxen was hitched by a chain to the
school-house, and it was dragged off into a swamp!
This was the spirit of Colonization,—a spirit which
prepared the way for every outrage that followed.
On my return from England, in 1833, the first
mob,—the parent mob, I will call it—of the many that
afterwards took place, was that witnessed in the city of
New York. The Colonization journals had industriously
circulated the lying accusation against me, that I had
gone to England for the purpose of slandering and dis-
honoring my native land,—that I was in league with
British Tories, conspiring for the overthrow of this re-
public! It happened, on my arrival in the harbor of
New York, that a meeting had been called by the Abolition-
ists of that city, to form an Anti-Slavery Society. They
were to meet in Clinton Hall. But as soon as it was
announced that I had arrived, placards were immedi-
ately put up all over the city, announcing that the
"infamous libel of my country, the notorious GAR-
RISON," would be at Clinton Hall that evening, and sum-
moning all the friends of the Union to be present. The
appeal was promptly responded to. A mob of five or
six thousand assembled, and took possession of the
Hall, rendering it impossible to hold a meeting there;
but the Abolitionists quietly withdrew to Chatham Street
Chapel, and succeeded in organizing a City Anti-Slavery
Society, before they were tracked by the mob.
Mr. Chairman, I think that did more than any one
thing else to fill this land with madness was the ar-
rival of our noble friend and coadjutor, GEORGE THOMSON,
of England, in the fall of 1834. He came over
here at my earnest solicitation when abroad, and in
compliance with the desire of the friends of the cause on
this side of the Atlantic. I had known what he had
done in England, for the abolition of slavery in the
British West Indies. He was the most eloquent man
to whom I had ever listened. Moreover, I found him
to be a man world-wide in his spirit, principles and
feelings, with nothing English in his composition, in a
narrow sense. This was indicated in the answer he
made to those who taunted him for being a foreigner,
that he was not consulted in regard to the place of his
birth; but if he had been, he might have preferred
Boston instead of Liverpool, to be the city of his na-
tivity! I felt assured, therefore, that if he should come
over to us, gifted with such powers of argument and
persuasion, and master of his subject, he would do the
anti-slavery cause immense service; but I did not
dream that his life would be put in jeopardy, and he
compelled to flee as the only means of preserving it.
As soon as he came, however, the cry was raised that
he was a British incendiary; that his pockets were filled
with British gold; and that it was the design of the
Aristocracy of England to upset this "glorious Union"
of ours! Designing political demagogues and unprin-
ciple public journalists filled the air with these foul
accusations, and they fell upon ears accustomed to take
everything from such sources for granted. When, there-
fore, the spirit of American "patriotic" enmity was in-
voked to put down this dangerous "foreign emissary," GEORGE
THOMSON was treated as though he were a wild beast.
It is overwhelmingly affecting to go back, and recall
what he was obliged to pass through; while it is con-
solatory to know that his courage never faltered, and
that his Christian heroism was equal to every emer-
gency. Let me read you some extracts from the
papers of that day. There was the New York Journal
of Commerce, as malignant then as now,—more malig-
nant, if any thing possible, but I do not know that there
can be any going beyond, where everything is absolute
and perfect. Then there were the New York Commer-
cial Advertiser and the Courier and Enquirer, daily
belaboring their denunciations of the Abolitionists,
and representing them to be the vilest of the vile.
Let me first give you an extract from the Courier and
Enquirer of that day, and then you may determine
whether it was strange that riotous pro-slavery out-
breaks followed.—
"It is time now for this subject to be taken in hand
seriously. The movements of the immediate Abolition-
ists involve not merely the welfare of our country, but
the very existence of her institutions; and every
citizen from Maine to Mississippi, who has not already
made up his mind to a willingness to see our confeder-
acy dissolved, our whole frame of Government
broken up, and an experiment made to better it amidst
the confusion, misery and bloodshed of a revolution,
is bound to grapple at once with the sedition of fanat-
icism now abroad. It has become the duty of all
classes and all parties—of the hall of legislation—of
the press—of the pulpit, and of every good citizen
within his own particular sphere of influence, to assist
in putting down this TREASON that is stalking
through our borders.
These dangerous men must be met. THEY AGITATE A
QUESTION THAT MUST NOT BE TAMPERED WITH. They
are plotting the destruction of our Government, and
they must not be allowed to screen themselves from
the consequences of their conduct. The caution, we have
said, we think superfluous. Persons of both sexes
will doubtless be at Julien Hall, but what ladies would
encourage, even by their countenance, the continuance
of lectures, debates and addresses adapted, if not
intended, to interrupt and eventually to destroy the
union of these States, and to lead more directly to
scenes of lawless violence, by exciting a state of feel-
ing, which may not be so easily subdued as provoked?"
The Commercial Gazette continued daily to publish
articles like the following:—
"It is certainly very remarkable, that Mr. Thomson
should dare to brow-beat public opinion in this way.
It is in vain that we hold meetings in Faneuil Hall,
and call into action the eloquence and patriotism of
our most talented citizens, if Thomson and Garrison
are allowed to carry on their lawless career. Every
citizen may see the mail for any lawful purpose. The
abolitionists may have a legal right to its use for dis-
tributing their papers in New York, where it is law-
ful to distribute them; but it does not follow that they
have a legal right to that privilege for such a purpose
in Louisiana and Georgia, where it is unlawful. As
well may the counterfeiter and the robber demand the
use of the mails for circulating their crimes, and
complain of a violation of their rights when it is de-
nied."
Upon these grounds, a postmaster may well hesitate
to be the agent of the abolitionists in sending their in-
cendiary publications into States where their circula-
tion is prohibited by law, and much more may post-
masters residing in those States refuse to distribute them.
An application was made to the city authorities for
the use of Faneuil Hall for an Anti-Slavery Convention,
but it was unanimously rejected. The Commercial
Gazette thereupon raised the following note of exalta-
tion:—
"The refusal of the authorities of this city, to suffer
the advocates of abolition and disunion to desecrate

who are determined, let the consequences be what
they may, to put a stop to the impudent, bullying
conduct of the foreign vagrant, Thompson, and his as-
sociates in mischief."
The Anti-Slavery Society held one of their incen-
diary meetings this morning at Julien Hall. The mis-
sionary Garrison will deliver an Oration on the occa-
sion, to the "black and white" wretches of the city. If
the orator and his hearers could all be thrown over-
board this morning, as was the tea in the days of the
revolution, every true friend to the Union of the
States would have cause to rejoice most heartily. A
cold bath would do them good.
If the Anti-Slavery fanatics persist in holding pub-
lic meetings in this city, to discuss the subject of
slavery, who will be answerable for the consequences?
If there is no law that can reach these common dis-
turbers of the public peace, they must be reached
put down in some other way, or they will destroy the
Union of the States.
Imagine language like this put forth authoritatively
on the part of one of the most influential journals of
the day, and what the effect must have been upon
the combustible materials then getting into a state of
wild conflagration!
Next appeals were made to Northern cupidity; and
our merchants and manufacturers were told by Southern
slaveholders, that if this agitation was allowed to go on,
it would break up all intercourse with the South; and
a staggering loss would thus be given to Northern
commerce and manufactures. This was "the pocket argu-
ment," and it had more effect in Boston than in any
other place.
Appeals were made, also, to the religious prejudices
of the people. The Abolitionists were represented as
those not inclined to give heed to the teachings of the
Bible; who boldly affirmed that it was an Anti-Slavery
volume; and that God, in the Bible, was on the side of
the oppressed against the oppressor. The idea, that
slaveholding under all circumstances is a sin against
God, was treated as a pestilent heresy; and every effort
was made to prejudice us in the minds of religious
people.
Appeals were made, also, to the hateful spirit of
colorphobia. We were represented as intent upon
amalgamation, and it was said that all we cared for
was to get black wives or black husbands, as the case might
be; whereas, it was evident that God had made the
colored race to be "browsers of wood and drawers of
water," and that the only way for them to rise in the
scale of being was to get as far from us as Africa.
The next device was to excite alarm for the safety of
the Union. I am deeply indebted, as I look over the
records of that period, to mark how early the slavehold-
ing spirit recognized the fact, that Anti-Slavery was
necessarily and inevitably Anti-Union. From the very
first hour I stood forth to plead for the slave, it was
universally declared that the result of the agitation
would be the overthrow of this Union. I did not believe
it then; I do believe it now, and rejoice in the fact, be-
cause it is a Union cemented with the blood of millions
in bondage, and therefore accursed of Heaven. The
sooner it is dissolved, the better. But I did not so un-
derstand it at that time. The Slave Power, however,
well understood it; for it is unmatched for sagacity,
vigilance and discernment. It is never misled; it never
mistakes; it is always sure. If you wish to know what
you ought to do to put it down, just see what it is that
gives it the greatest alarm.
In Philadelphia, in the summer of 1835, a mob sacked
some thirty houses occupied by the colored inhabitants,
many of whom were driven out into the woods like wild
beasts, to hide themselves from the fury of their mer-
ciless assailants. At an earlier day, the colored citizens of
New York were treated in a similar manner.
At that time, too, the slaveholders were busily en-
gaged in rifling the United States mail of every letter,
paper and pamphlet that savored of abolitionism. These
were taken out, and made a bonfire of, as at Charleston,
S. C., in the presence of the clergy and the leading citi-
zens. The Charleston Courier gave the following ac-
count of this transaction:—
"ATTACK ON THE POST OFFICE. The recent abuse
of the U. S. mail to the purpose of disseminating the
vile and criminal incendiary of northern fanatics, has
caused a great and general excitement in our com-
munity, and led, on Wednesday night, as may have been
expected, to an attack on the Post Office, which, al-
though perhaps not to be justified, had much to excuse it
in the cause of provocation.
Between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, that night,
a number of persons assembled about the Exchange,
and without any noise or disturbance, but on the con-
trary, with coolness and deliberation, made a forcible
entry into the Post Office, by wrenching open one of
its windows, and carried off the packages containing
the incendiary matter.
According to the full notice published, the pamphlets,
&c., were burned at 8 P. M. the next evening, op-
posite the main guard-house, 3000 persons being pre-
sent. The officers of Arthur Tappan, Dr. Cox, and W.
L. Garrison, were at the same time suspended. At 9
o'clock, the ballroom was let off, and the edifices were
consumed by the neck, with the offensive documents
at their feet."
This lawless procedure was virtually justified by
the Postmaster General, AMOS KENDALL, in a long and
elaborate paper, as a measure of self-preservation
against the designs of Northern incendiaries! This was
his view of it:—
"There is reason to doubt, whether the abolitionists
have a right to make use of the mails of the United
States to convey their publications into States where
their circulation is forbidden by law; and it is by no
means certain, that the mail carriers and postmasters
are secure from the penalties of law, if they are
knowingly carrying, distribute or hand them out. Every
citizen may use the mail for any lawful purpose. The
abolitionists may have a legal right to its use for dis-
tributing their papers in New York, where it is law-
ful to distribute them; but it does not follow that they
have a legal right to that privilege for such a purpose
in Louisiana and Georgia, where it is unlawful. As
well may the counterfeiter and the robber demand the
use of the mails for circulating their crimes, and
complain of a violation of their rights when it is de-
nied."
Upon these grounds, a postmaster may well hesitate
to be the agent of the abolitionists in sending their in-
cendiary publications into States where their circula-
tion is prohibited by law, and much more may post-
masters residing in those States refuse to distribute them.
An application was made to the city authorities for
the use of Faneuil Hall for an Anti-Slavery Convention,
but it was unanimously rejected. The Commercial
Gazette thereupon raised the following note of exalta-
tion:—
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the advocates of abolition and disunion to desecrate

the population
in this State.
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THE LIBERATOR
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
AT THE
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ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.
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sent to the Liberator, to the General Agent.
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three times for 75 cents—one square for \$1.00.
The Agents of the American, Massachusetts,
Pennsylvania and Ohio Anti-Slavery Societies are au-
thorized to receive subscriptions for the Liberator.
The following gentlemen constitute the Financial
Committee, but are not responsible for any of the debts
of the paper, viz:—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS GRAY
LOUIS, EDWARD QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, and
WILLIAM PHILLIPS.
For the columns of THE LIBERATOR, both sides of
every question are impartially allowed a hearing.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.
VOL. XXV. NO. 44.

POETRY.

For the Liberator.
UNION FOR FREEDOM.

From rice swamp and from barrenness,
The slave's sad eyes are fixed on us;
For to our union came too soon
Scorn's bitter blast and curse.

These million eyes, the living day,
Watch through each fratricidal fight—
I see their sad, reproachful ray,
Piercing the gloom of night.

Their steadfast gaze hath on us been,
Is on us when in strife we fall;
So like the look by Peter seen
In Caiaphas' judgment hall.

We strive—the red lash never stays!
We taunt—the while the driver's horn
Ushers the dawn of parting days,
And human hearts are torn.

We argue—the Tyrant's hand
Fills for the slave Wrongs' poisoned bowl,
And fierce feet down a darkened land
Crush out the glorious soul!

Walk the grain fields in autumn time,
And pass the forest temples through,
Mark how beneath the heart's first rime,
Green takes the golden hue.

Of grain stalks, by the reapers bound,
Not one is matched among the sheaves;
Surely, no two alike are found,
Of all the myriad leaves!

So, in the soul's unvalled domain,
Where thought no mores or bounds can find,
No soul hath met its perfect twin,
No mind reflects a mind.

And we must differ—spare the brand!
We see each other through earth's haze;
Wait still and labor, till we stand
Beneath th' Eternal blaze!

In ancient days, the strippling brought
The tyrant down with stone and sling;
Now sweep the cannon's deadly shot,
The horsemen's rifles ring!

In the long war with Freedom's foes,
With changing time the measures change,
And he who swings the blade best knows
His weapon's power and range.

One wields words like a scimitar:
From out the brook come takes the stone;
One shouteth in the van of war;
One warreth all alone.

One writeth with a pen of flame;
One speaketh in the council hall,
And shuddering shows the words of shame,
Where Doom's hand shades the wall!

Each hath his place, his work to do,
In paths where once the Prophets trod;
And friends at best we are but few,
Though strong in strength of God.

Ye who the legal right defend
To raise our "scutcheon from the mire,
Up, now! and on the shackle end
The Ballot's rain of fire!

And ye—the pioneers of light,
Who keep your garments white as snow,
Still thunder from your moral height,
Upon the Crime below!

Our feet upon the Negro's chain,
With earnest word and potent voice
We feel for Slavery's jugular vein,
Around her hydra throat!

We're camped before Sin's frowning walls,
Our aim to break Oppression's rod,
And, hour by hour, our herald calls,
"Give back to us in God's name!"

One host is entering through the venge;
One where the mine the ramparts rent;
One shall the gates accused wrench;
One scale the battlement.

But in the citadel 'twixt MEET,
And beat the Demon to the dust;
And none shall care, when "neath our feet,
He lieth—who was first."

Then hands round, brothers!—we are few,
No time for strife or words of hate;
Press on and conquer—God is true!
The slave dies while we wait!

From the Boston Telegraph.
LINES TO PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.

Heart unmoved! the tyrant lauded,
But he made a nation's best;
Could he now, and not be taunted,
Eagerly would he retreat.

Foiled, he hears us name you brother,
Did you scorn a banded knee;
Not with haste he'll let another
Revel thus in sympathy.

Fate may for a time dissemble,
But for claims it must atone;
And oppressors well may tremble
At the clanking of their own.

Where the slave, in sorrow bending,
Toils for one he only hates,
Freedom, grace to manhood lending,
Shall display its finest traits.

Hearts shall vow, while anguish chides them,
Human forms no more to mar;
Whips may wound the hand that guides them,
Deeper than the backs they scar.

Constitutions, compromises,
Shuffling statesmen these may laud;
Justice every plan despises
When its purpose is a fraud.

Truth the law with strength inspires,
Magnitude no crime relieves;
Senates, when they lie, are liars,
Nations, when they steal, are thieves.

Freedom's stormy morn grows fairer,
And its sunrise we shall see,
Hailing you a standard-bearer
For the tribes that shall be free.

Smiling on the human driver,
Let your motto be, Endure;
Though the contest is not over,
Freedom's triumph is secure.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

II. SAM. 24: 24.

My God, I would not coldly offer Thee
The withered hue of feeling's flower,
The fragrant of a passing hour,
But lo! I bring down into my heart,
Whatever treasure it hath hidden deep,
Whatever talent it would strive to keep,
With thee, O God, I part.
I should not dare to bring offerings blighted
By the rills of selfishness and pride;
Nor lay a worn-out heart the earth had slighted,
Upon the altar of the crucified.
But, in life's dewy hours when Hope is on the wing,
My love, myself, my all, to thee I bring.

THE LIBERATOR.

TO HENRY C. WRIGHT.

You urge, with great earnestness, the formation of a "Northern Republic." I am surprised that you do. Why should you descend from your lofty position to engage in such a work? I should indeed rejoice to see the masses in the so-called free States withdrawing from the present man-stealing "Union," even for the comparatively unworthy object of establishing another arbitrary government in its stead; but I should be willing to wait a long while before witnessing such a result, rather than see it effected through the agency of such as Henry C. Wright.

I should rejoice to see a wretch, who had all his life been a man-stealer, give up his infernal business, and confine himself to horse-stealing; but it would be beneath me to advise him to follow this comparatively honorable calling. My duty would be at an end when I had done all in my power to induce him to become an honest man. I am pleased when I see the Whigs and Democrats joining the Free Soil or Republican party; but I should be ashamed to ask the meanest man of my acquaintance to join that party. The business of the genuine man-saver is to lead men upward toward himself, but never to descend for the purpose of helping them do the work they find in their path.

But perhaps you regard this matter in a different light. Perhaps you would look upon the establishment of a Northern Republic as a positive good. Perhaps you would consider a Northern Republic not only better than the present government, but better than no government at all. If so, this is the point where we are at issue. I affirm that there can be no genuine government, other than the government of Nature. All arbitrary authority, by whomsoever exercised, is tyranny. Natural law, pervading both the spiritual and material universe, is supreme. All interference with Nature's arrangements is both insolent and mischievous. Any other view involves the monstrous absurdity that law can be "made"—that justice may be now one thing, now another. If right and justice are fixed, unalterable principles, where is the legislature or tribunal that is not shorn of all legitimate authority? If their decrees are contrary to justice, they are null and void; if in accordance with it, they are mere re-affirmations of a natural principle, and of no more consequence than the assertions of an individual. But it is said that arbitrary arrangements are gotten up for the purpose of enforcing justice and right—of carrying into effect the laws of God or Nature. And so God and Nature are both impotent without the help of legislatures, courts and ballot-boxes!

What glaring and what disgusting atheism! If there is a God, he is infinite; his authority is universal and supreme; the execution of his laws devolves not upon ignorant voters, slippery politicians, or corrupt judges. To believe in arbitrary government is to disbelieve in God. But this class of disbelievers in God are also infidels to Nature. This is indeed "going too far." He who disbelieves in God, should be sure to believe in Nature. Disbelief in both is a degree of infidelity that should not be "countenanced."

But, not to theorize farther, did you ever know, as a practical affair, of a government that was not the greatest curse the people under it had to endure? Did you ever hear of a government that did not sanction and support ten times as much crime as it attempted to suppress? Did you ever know of a government that was not worse in character than the mass of the people living under it? Did you ever know of a people that would not tolerate devilry in their government that they would not be guilty of as individuals? You will answer all these questions in the negative. Now, does this all happen so, or is it a law of things? As it always has been, so it always will be. A republican government can never be better than its people—the stream can never rise higher than its source—and consequently can never be a benefit to its people. But government is always worse than the people—among other reasons, because it always falls into the hands of demagogues. Politics are corrupting in their nature. To be a successful politician, a man must be as dishonest as the times will admit of. Another important consideration is, that the race is constantly progressing, and the people every now and then demand a new government, the old one becoming intolerable. But while the people progress, the government remains stationary at a point below them, until lifted up by the people towards their own level; thus acting as a perpetual burden and hindrance.

The objection to voting and holding office under this government is, that by so doing, we support slavery. But, admitting that slavery is wicked and wicked beyond comparison, are there no other means and wicked things that ought not to be supported? Are slaveholders the only class of scoundrels with whom we ought to have no union? Would not the Northern Republic sanction fraud, and trickery, and monopoly of almost every description? Would it not drive woman from the ballot-box, rob her of her property, ay, and of her children? Would it not sanction the present disgusting and demoralizing system of marriage? And could Henry C. Wright support such a government, or advise others to support it?

You say—"A ballot-box, unpolled by the ballot of the slaveholder, is what is wanted by the millions in the North." Better teach these millions that genuine government does not come from ballot-boxes. Until you do, they will adhere to them, even though by so doing, they knowingly sanction what they acknowledge to be the most glaring and outrageous wickedness.

FRANCIS BARRY.
Berlin Heights, (O.) Oct. 17, 1855.

JUDGE KANE AND PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.

The decision of Judge Kane, in the case of Passmore Williamson, is one which may excite the most earnest solicitude. It is a decision which, if sustained, will effectively reverse the policy of our government—which will make slavery a national institution, protecting it by a law which, though unwritten, will override the civil code, and even the bill of rights of every free State. It is a decision which establishes and protects slavery in Pennsylvania, in Massachusetts, and in every State where it has been supposed that freedom was the natural and inalienable right of every human being. It is a decision which makes the local laws of the Southern States paramount to the constitution of the free States.

We have no desire to indulge in invectives against Judge Kane. Although, in view of his whole course in connection with this and other slave cases which have been brought before him, we may believe him to be another Jeffreys, we have too much respect for the judicial crumbe to denounce him as such. But if ever there was a cause for impeachment, that cause has been furnished by Judge Kane in his persecution and imprisonment of Passmore Williamson. His every step in connection with the Wheeler slave case has been a stretch of power as arbitrary as unjustifiable. In the first place, there are grave doubts whether he had any right to meddle with the case of Wheeler and his slaves, which was one that properly came within the jurisdiction of the State courts.

Again, the issuing of a writ of *habeas corpus* for the purpose of securing possession of human beings and reducing them to slavery—for, disguise his object under whatever name he may choose to put it—was a proceeding of Judge Kane, which was a monstrous violation of one of the dearest rights of freemen. And then the imprisonment, for life, perchance, of a respected citizen of Philadelphia, without the form of a trial and without appeal, is a stretch of power which requires a rigid investigation. Finally, the receding course of Judge Kane, that he should voluntarily bringing his slave into a free State is not divested of his right of property, which is contrary to all precedent, which tramples upon the bill of rights of every free State, and arrogates a principle of the common law that had been universally accepted in all parts of the Union, further contributes to make this whole affair a most unwarrantable and dangerous stretch of power, and one which demands a searching investigation.

The recent opinion of Judge Kane is so vulnerable a document—so weak and inconclusive in its reasoning—and so inconsistent with itself as well as with previous judicial decisions, that to expose all its fallacies would require more space than we are disposed to give to this subject. Judge Kane, however, issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, directing Passmore Williamson to bring into court Judge Johnson, and her two children, who it was alleged he had unlawfully detained. Mr. Williamson denies that he said Judge Johnson and her children were then, or at any time, in his custody, possession or control. He denies that he ever intended to detain them, or to commit them to prison. To relieve him from this unjust confinement, Judge Johnson, in whose behalf and for whose benefit the writ purports to have been issued, comes forward and appears in court by petition, denying under oath that she was restrained of her liberty by Williamson, and asserting that the writ of *habeas corpus* was issued without her knowledge or consent. Such a return would under ordinary circumstances be sufficient to quash any further proceedings under the writ, but Judge Kane was not disposed to allow his victim to escape so easily. He had evidence before him in the affidavit of Judge Johnson, which would be valid in any court but his. He knew that Williamson was imprisoned without the shadow of reason or justice. Yet he evades this evidence of his own unjustifiable and arbitrary conduct, by assuming that the person whose affidavit was brought to his notice has no status in his court. "Our records," he says haughtily, "cannot be opened to every stranger who volunteers to us a suggestion that we have been in error, or that we have been misled." In other words, the testimony of the very person in whose behalf the writ is sued out, made voluntarily, under oath, before a commissioner who is competent to decide whether the party is under restraint, cannot be received! Her very denial that she is under restraint, says Judge Kane, being a denial of the very fact which is the ground of the writ, and which he is bound to believe, may be only a proof that the constraint is effectual.

Judge Kane knows, as well as every man, woman and child who has read the accounts of the Williamson slave case, that the party in whose alleged behalf he has issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, is not a slave. He knows that she is a free woman, and that she is a Philadelphia citizen, since her escape, and testified in behalf of those who have been accused of kidnapping her, that she left her master voluntarily. He knows that Passmore Williamson is a man of probity, whose simple word would be taken by every one who enjoys his acquaintance. And with impressions—evidently true to the fact—of the rendering of his sentiments, but whether right or wrong, those who will hear Mr. Mann's lecture may determine. Whereupon a gentleman arose and affirmed that he had read substantially the same in the *New York Tribune*. President Mahan says that I was "taken all aback by such an announcement." It is true that I was, for I was gratified, feeling that my work was more accurate than I expected to get in the excitement of a public assembly.

Now, you see, my friend, that I made no profession of reading the lecture by "vision," nor did I attach any importance to the psychological transaction. But the *Cleveland Herald* reported a foolish account of my "pretensions," attempts, "mistakes," etc., and because I did not bestir myself to correct a lot of prejudicial gossip, this President Mahan considers it a settled fact, implying "deliberate" imposition, and sufficient to overthrow a series of clairvoyant disclosures which pertain to my past history. This attack I have valued as of great service, and I have been very much gratified by every careful reader of President Mahan's work is a materialistic house, built with timbers hewn by other hands, decorated with

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

While I am about it, let me say that the bombastic and unscrupulous assertions of "Professor Grimes" through the country, that he was the first to magnify me, is all based on the single fact (unknown to him at the time) that I was one among some fifteen young men who one afternoon went to his room at the hotel to have the experiment tried. His test of clairvoyance, a magnetic influence, then, was to close the eyelids against the person's power to open them. This effect he did not produce upon me, even after nearly two hours had expired; and I left with others, not even leaving my name. After this he knows of me, as he knows many other matters of more importance—by hearsay. Trusting to the perception of those who may hear this lecture, to judge of him, I leave all further explanation.

In closing, allow me again to urge the conviction that the Harmonical Philosophy is a matter resting upon no personal idiosyncrasies or local attachments. It is founded on the Laws of Nature—aiming at the harmonization of the Individual first, and the reconstruction of Society upon a national principle. You may rest, therefore, my friend, with my assurance, that all the time, talent and tongue expended upon me as an individual Teacher of this Philosophy, will be as ammunition wasted on the open air. Because the friends of the Harmonical Brotherhood (which begins on earth, and ramifies through the universe) are not concerned with the person of any individual, but with the principle of Nature, and with the reconstruction of Society upon a national principle, which is in striking contrast with the spirit exhibited by his Reverend assailant, and the *unbecomingly* in heart might even suspect that the latter had relapsed into infidelity, whilst the former had "put on Christ." The subjoined letter is the calm utterance of one who stands firmly on what he conceives to be the principles of Nature; and while he repines in the atmosphere of natural freedom, he counts all mortal frailties and human transgressions—which determined for the individual his personal reputation and present position—as ephemeral circumstances, in themselves insignificant and powerless before the Truth.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 16, 1855.

TO S. B. BRITTON:

My Esteemed Friend—From our private conversation last evening, relative to the recent publication against the spiritual origin of "Modern Mysticism," by Pres. Mahan, I gathered a thought which, lingering with me this morning, has attained sufficient importance to prompt the writing of this letter.

In justice to myself as a man, and not least to my many friends, you think I should take some notice of, and explain a circumstance reported by Mahan as a statement involving a question of personal character, which, as far as its influence as an honorable man extends, may be believed to be individual disadvantage, and thus retard the advancement of important principles.

The sentiments and expressions employed by Pres. Mahan, in the report referred to, compel me to believe that he obtained his charge of "deliberate" imposition, which, as far as its influence as an honorable man extends, may be believed to be individual disadvantage, and thus retard the advancement of important principles.

The charge is in brief, (as already stated by you in the first chapter of your able Review,) that while delivering a public address in Cleveland, I suddenly stopped, and went into one of my favorite states of abstraction, and then "professed to the audience to have a vision" of Horace Mann's lecture on "Woman," which, being ended, was pronounced by a gentleman in the audience to be a revelation from a verily, which, as far as its influence as an honorable man extends, may be believed to be individual disadvantage, and thus retard the advancement of important principles.

Now, as I am individualized again before the public, you will indulge me in a few paragraphs concerning A. J. Davis.

From the first, as you know, I have striven to make bold distinction between persons and principles. The dedication of individuals, and a total eclipse of the truths they were made to declare by a sort of inspirational necessity, has everywhere marked the historic development of mankind. The fact—the concealment and identification of truth with the idiosyncrasies of its principal teachers—has never been one moment out of my soul. In all the past, I beheld the ambition of religious chiefs. They were honest to begin with, but, acquiring a reputation for beyond their merits, have yielded to love of approbation, and lost virtue in a vain attempt to support it. Now, my friend, you know that I have never, on any occasion, allowed myself to appear before the world as the parent and nurse of a personal Reputation. What the world thinks of A. J. Davis is of minor importance to me. Although not particularly attracted to the polemic treatment of controversial questions, yet I do prefer this method far more than a total neglect of such questions. Therefore I do welcome Pres. Mahan. And in this connection, I may as well express the gratification I have experienced in

consequence of the unreserved newspaper criticisms upon "Nature's Divine Revelations," and works of more recent origin.

Nature's Divine Revelations, it is remembered, the world had seen given, by the Spiritual Manifestations. It was the only philosophy marvel then in America. It went forth "crying in the wilderness," and called the religious world from its dreams. It aroused more free discussion than I had the presumption to anticipate—especially when, with a few exceptions, it was considered as "weak," "superficial," and "contradictory" conglomerate, scarcely meriting a single glance of consideration from the intellectual and literary.

The work was called "a combination of absurdities," but, by the kindly offices of such as Pres. Mahan, it has already yielded a rich harvest of salutary results to the religious world. It has vulnerable places, doubtless, and I have noticed that Pres. Mahan has entered "Nature's Divine Revelations" at openings which, should I write the work again, I would either expunge or render impregnable to such criticism. As to the alleged "mistakes," "mis-reports," and "absurdities," etc., as you know, people willing to have them expunged, will be disposed to "mis-report" in every way possible. I have the heart of A. J. Davis, it is only true that he wishes to have developed and applied to the life of man.

Personal attacks, then, are of little consequence to me—and, in a broad view, should have no weight with the friends of the New Dispensation. This, I have elsewhere affirmed, is my mental attitude. I am a lover of what I feel and perceive to be a principle of Truth, regardless of the form; and I hereby assure my reviewers and traducers everywhere, that, should they present unequivocal demonstrations of "mistakes" and "absurdities" in any work bearing my name, I will be the first to retract the doctrine, and I will acknowledge whatever error I am thus made to realize. I have no personal pride at stake, no love of infallibility to indulge at the expense of truth.

But may I not expect from my reviewers and private traducers an acknowledgment equally frank—in that they should presently be their *turn*, to be convicted of mistakes and absurdities? With all the divided differences, I can have no fellowship. Principles I am ever ready to consider—not the character of the person who utters them. "Refutation" is the child which public men too often nurse. But I speak for myself. It is neither popular authorities nor A. J. Davis, but the Truth which I love and revere. All I ask, therefore, is that whoever, after my review, or system supported by him, is convicted of manifest error, that such will indignantly "own up" and commence anew, on the maxim that it is never too late to learn!

But to my explanation. It is true that I was delivering a course of lectures in Cleveland. My subject was one which concerned the sexes equally—being a definition of that positive position, the order of creation. It is also true, however, that in the midst of my subject, I hesitated and remarked "that it would be interesting to know what a public teacher, like Horace Mann, had to say on the rights of women and relation of the sexes." (The audience, as well as I, know that Mr. Mann had said nothing on that subject.) Hence, there was nothing wrong in my alluding to him, or to what he might teach on that question. It is likewise true that I stood quiet for a few moments—during which I obtained (by impression, not by clairvoyance) what I understood to be an abstract of Mr. Mann's views. In a few brief, detached sentences, I gave the audience my impressions—evidently true to the fact—of the rendering of his sentiments, but whether right or wrong, those who will hear Mr. Mann's lecture may determine. Whereupon a gentleman arose and affirmed that he had read substantially the same in the *New York Tribune*. President Mahan says that I was "taken all aback by such an announcement." It is true that I was, for I was gratified, feeling that my work was more accurate than I expected to get in the excitement of a public assembly.

Now, you see, my friend, that I made no profession of reading the lecture by "vision," nor did I attach any importance to the psychological transaction. But the *Cleveland Herald* reported a foolish account of my "pretensions," attempts, "mistakes," etc., and because I did not bestir myself to correct a lot of prejudicial gossip, this President Mahan considers it a settled fact, implying "deliberate" imposition, and sufficient to overthrow a series of clairvoyant disclosures which pertain to my past history. This attack I have valued as of great service, and I have been very much gratified by every careful reader of President Mahan's work is a materialistic house, built with timbers hewn by other hands, decorated with

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

While I am about it, let me say that the bombastic and unscrupulous assertions of "Professor Grimes" through the country, that he was the first to magnify me, is all based on the single fact (unknown to him at the time) that I was one among some fifteen young men who one afternoon went to his room at the hotel to have the experiment tried. His test of clairvoyance, a magnetic influence, then, was to close the eyelids against the person's power to open them. This effect he did not produce upon me, even after nearly two hours had expired; and I left with others, not even leaving my name. After this he knows of me, as he knows many other matters of more importance—by hearsay. Trusting to the perception of those who may hear this lecture, to judge of him, I leave all further explanation.

In closing, allow me again to urge the conviction that the Harmonical Philosophy is a matter resting upon no personal idiosyncrasies or local attachments. It is founded on the Laws of Nature—aiming at the harmonization of the Individual first, and the reconstruction of Society upon a national principle. You may rest, therefore, my friend, with my assurance, that all the time, talent and tongue expended upon me as an individual Teacher of this Philosophy, will be as ammunition wasted on the open air. Because the friends of the Harmonical Brotherhood (which begins on earth, and ramifies through the universe) are not concerned with the person of any individual, but with the principle of Nature, and with the reconstruction of Society upon a national principle, which is in striking contrast with the spirit exhibited by his Reverend assailant, and the *unbecomingly* in heart might even suspect that the latter had relapsed into infidelity, whilst the former had "put on Christ." The subjoined letter is the calm utterance of one who stands firmly on what he conceives to be the principles of Nature; and while he repines in the atmosphere of natural freedom, he counts all mortal frailties and human transgressions—which determined for the individual his personal reputation and present position—as ephemeral circumstances, in themselves insignificant and powerless before the Truth.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 16, 1855.

TO S. B. BRITTON:

My Esteemed Friend—From our private conversation last evening, relative to the recent publication against the spiritual origin of "Modern Mysticism," by Pres. Mahan, I gathered a thought which, lingering with me this morning, has attained sufficient importance to prompt the writing of this letter.

In justice to myself as a man, and not least to my many friends, you think I should take some notice of, and explain a circumstance reported by Mahan as a statement involving a question of personal character, which, as far as its influence as an honorable man extends, may be believed to be individual disadvantage, and thus retard the advancement of important principles.

The sentiments and expressions employed by Pres. Mahan, in the report referred to, compel me to believe that he obtained his charge of "deliberate" imposition, which, as far as its influence as an honorable man extends, may be believed to be individual disadvantage, and thus retard the advancement of important principles.

The charge is in brief, (as already stated by you in the first chapter of your able Review,) that while delivering a public address in Cleveland, I suddenly stopped, and went into one of my favorite states of abstraction, and then "professed to the audience to have a vision" of Horace Mann's lecture on "Woman," which, being ended, was pronounced by a gentleman in the audience to be a revelation from a verily, which, as far as its influence as an honorable man extends, may be believed to be individual disadvantage, and thus retard the advancement of important principles.

and confine herself to the society of uncultivated, undeveloped minds. But she did it, and might have been seen with her sturdy companions, piling brush, rolling logs, &c., &c., from early dawn to dusk. As a specimen of her application to business, she has left in the morning twilight in search of their cows, and returned in the evening twilight, having traversed the forest a whole day without a mouthful of food. Several times she went alone on horseback from Nashua, Tenn., to New-Haven, Ind., through a wilderness country, with several rivers of swimming depth. Once she fell in with two men who had a black man in custody. After some altercation, she took the black man behind her, and repaired to the office of a magistrate to ascertain if he were legally held. The risks she ran on these excursions were less than might be supposed, for she was a frigate swimmer and equestrian.

Having lectured and written until her views were pretty fairly before the public, her sympathies were excited for her poor dependents at Nashua. She went to them, and after stating that she had bought them that they might be free, (and still determined that they should not return to slavery) she stated in every way possible, the reasons why what was best to be done. She told them the grounds of her objection to the colonization scheme, adding that in the prejudice of color there was an insuperable obstruction to their elevation in this land, but that in Haiti they would be with equals, and have their share in the government. They were pleased with the proposition, and she negotiated with the authorities of the island for their settlement. She applied to Benjamin Lundy to accompany them, but having suffered a sad domestic bereavement recently, on a like occasion, he declined. She knew no other man in the country in whom she could confide, and so decided to go herself. There were very few persons in Nashua who were going, such as those who were dangerous, &c., &c., and that she could do a work here that others could go to Haiti as well as she could, could not perform. Frances admitted the truth of the positions, and force of the arguments, but she felt it was right, and would therefore go.

She chartered a vessel for \$1000, and told the captain that he was at liberty to take any amount of freight that would leave comfortable accommodations for herself and family. He did so.

The Haytiens showed her due respect, settled her people handsomely, and made a consignment of coffee to New Orleans, which was intended to cover the expenses of the voyage. It would have done it, had not the New-Orleans consignment been of the whole. After seeing her freed men and women comfortably settled and pleased with their new home, she sailed for New York. A few days after her landing, Colonel Stone published a slanderous report of the whole proceeding in his daily paper. He stated that she had one slave, and had induced twenty-nine free persons to profess themselves slaves for effect; that the voyage was a speculation; the Haytiens having remitted the duties amounting to \$9,000, topped out with an insinuation that a purse of 100 doubloons had been handed over as an equivalent for her familiarity with the president and other dignitaries. It so happened that the bills of sale were not destroyed, and the customs receipt in the captain's name was also in her possession. With these and other unquestionable documents, she waited on the colonel next morning, requesting their publication. He could not refuse, but he never again ran himself into a similar difficulty. This was the only instance in which Frances repelled a slander, nor would, she then but for other than personal reasons.

THE PULPIT AND SLAVERY.

Extract from a Discourse by REV. NATHANIEL HALL, of Dorchester:—

But it is further said, "The introduction of this subject into the pulpit destroys the peace and harmony of a society; fomenting discords and animosities between its members, and ill-feelings and distrust towards its minister; hindering his influence, and lessening his usefulness." Admitting the truth of this, what, I ask, is a minister to do? With convictions which he cannot stifle in relation to slavery,—seeing, feeling its inherent wrongfulness and its resulting evils,—what is he to do? Regard policy, take counsel of expediency? and give or withhold his convictions as these,—blind guides that they are,—shall seem to direct him? Or, purging himself of all personal and worldly aims; casting himself, in humble confidence, upon himself and all his interests,—upon a spiritual Providence, shall he speak as God in that same hour shall teach him—assured that, whatever the immediate effects, none other than good can ultimately ensue? Harmony in a parish is a good thing. But its value depends upon its quality,—upon the basis on which it rests. That harmony, methinks, is of little worth, whose continuance is conditioned upon the minister's repressing in himself his honest convictions,—which a manly, outspoken word can break. At any rate, the minister has a higher work than to keep peace. He is to seek, as a spokesman of all personal and worldly aims; casting himself, in humble confidence, upon himself and all his interests,—upon a spiritual Providence, shall he speak as God in that same hour shall teach him—assured that, whatever the immediate effects, none other than good can ultimately ensue? Harmony in a parish is a good thing. But its value depends upon its quality,—upon the basis on which it rests. That harmony, methinks, is of little worth, whose continuance is conditioned upon the minister's repressing in himself his honest convictions,—which a manly, outspoken word can break. At any rate, the minister has a higher work than to keep peace. 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